

The Converts.

I Did intend in Rhimes Heroick
To write of Converts Apostolick,
Describe their persons and their shames,
And leave the World to guess their Names :
But soon I thought the scoundrel Theme
Was for Heroick Song too mean ;
Their Characters we'll then rehearse.
In Burlesque, or in Dogrel Verse ;
Of Earls, of Lords, of Knights I'll sing,
That chang'd their Faith to please their King.

The first an Antiquated Lord,
A walking Mummy in a word,
Moves cloath'd in Plaisters Aromatick,
And Flannel, by the help of a Stick,
And like a grave and noble Peer,
Outlives his Sense by Sixty year ;
And what an honest Man would anger,
Outlives the Fort he built at *Tanger* ;
By Pox, and Whores long since undone,
Yet loves it still, and fumbles on :
Why he's a Favourite few can guess,
Some say it's for his Ugliness ;
For often Monsters (being rare)
Are valued equal to the Fair :
For in his Mistresses, kind *Jamies*
Loves Ugliness in its extreame ;
But others say 'tis plainly seen,
'Tis for the Choice he made o'th' Queen ;
When he the King and Nation blest
With Off-spring of the House of *Est* ;
A Dame whose Affability
Equals her Generosity :
Oh ! Well match'd Pair, who frugally are bent
To live without the aids of Parliament.
All this and more the Peer perform'd,
Then to compleat his Vertues, turn'd ;
But 'twas not Conscience, or Devotion,
The hopes of Riches or Promotion
That made his Lordship first to vary,
But 'twas to please his Daughter *Mary* ;
And she to make retaliation,
Is full as lewd in her Vocation.

The next a Caravannish Thief,
A lazy Mass of damn'd Rump Beef ;
Prodigious Guts, no Brains at all,
But very Rhynocercical,
Was Married ere the Cub was lick't,
And now not worthy to be kick't,
By Jockeys bubbled, forc'd to fly,
To save his Coat, to *Italy*.
Where *Haynes* and he, that Virtuous Youth,
Equal in Honour, Sense, and Truth ;
By Reason and pure Conscience urged,
Past Sins by Abjuration Purged :
But 'tis believed both Rogue and Peer,
More worldly Motives had to veer ;
The Scoundrel Plebeians swerving
Was to secure himself from starving ;

And that which made the Peer a Starter,
Was hope of a long with'd for Garter.

Next comes a Peer who sits at Helm,
And long has steer'd the giddy Realm
With Taylors motion, mein, and grace,
But a right Statesman in Grimace ;
The Sneer, the Cringe, and then by turns,
The dully grave, the Frowns and Scorns,
Promises all, but nought performs :
But how e'er great he's in Promotion,
He's very humble in Devotion ;
With Taper light, and Feet all bare,
He to the Temple did repair,
And knocking softly at the Portal,
Cry'd, Pity (Fathers) a poor Mortal,
And for a Sinner make some room,
A Prodigal returned home.

Some say that in that very hour,
Convert *Mall Megs* arriv'd at door ;
So both with Penitent Grimace,
Statesman and Bawd with humble pace
Entered, and were received to grace.

The next a Knight of high Command
'Twixt *London-Bridge* and *Dover-Sand* ;
A Man of strict and holy Life,
Taking example from his Wife ;
He to a Nunnery sent her packing,
Lest they should take each other napping.
Some say *L'Estrange* did him beget,
But that he wants his Chin and Wit ;
Good natur'd, as you may observe,
Letting his Titular Father starve ;
A Man of Sense and Parts we know it,
But dares as well be damn'd as show it ;
Brib'd by himself, his trusty Servant
At Kings-Bench-Bar appear'd most servent
Against his Honor for the Test,
To him 'twas Gain, to all Mankind a Jest.

Blue-Bonnet Lords a numerous store,
Whose best Example is they're Poor ;
Meerly drawn in in hopes of Gains,
And reap the Scandal for their pains ;
Half starv'd at Court with expectation,
Forc'd to return to their Scotch Station,
Despis'd and scorn'd by every Nation.

A paltry Knight not worth a mention,
Renounc'd his Faith for piteous Pension ;
After upon True Protestant Whore,
H' had spent a large Estate before.

A thick short Collonel next does come,
With straddling Legs and massy Bum :
With many more of shameful Note,
Whose Honour ne'er was worth a Groat.

If these be Pillars of the Church,
'Tis fear'd they'll leave her in the lurch ;
If abler Men do not support her Weight,
All quickly will return to *Fourty Eight*.

F I N I S.